

Chimmie Fadden Of De Bow'ry - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Chimmie Fadden of de Bow'ry.

Copyright, 1896, by The S. Brainard's Sons Co.

Words and Music by Kate Vanderpoel.

I s'pose vase all have heard of me, I tuk de loidy's side;
I tumped de dude wot winked at her, until he nearly died;
Fer de way in which I trim him, I drew a prize, you see,
Fer now I am de futman in de loidy's family.

Refrain.

Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry frens say;
I'm out for wot's In it, jes' up to de limit, an' tings are now comin' me way.
Chimmie Fadden, don't put on style, dat's wot me Bow'ry Trent say:
Ye're givin me "Goff," so jes' chase yerself off, fer tings are now comin'me way.

De mugs dey all keep stringin' me wen on de box I ride;
O, bully see! it is a sight wid de coachman by me side:
De loidy said dere was an air dat went 'long wid de chothes,
But wen I has de style on, it turns me frens to foes.- Refrain.

Some folks wen dey gits 'way up high, dey goes an' lose der head,
But wen I comes to be dat guy, I hopes ter drop down dead;
If I was ter be de coachman, de butler, or de chef,
I'll tink meself right, people, see! Chimmie Fadden don't git left.-Ref.